March into more fun with Dad's Army – page 15!

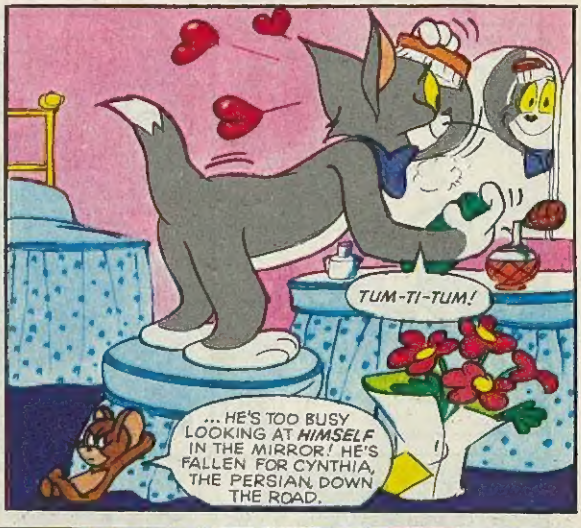

# TV COMIC plus TOM & JERRY Weekly

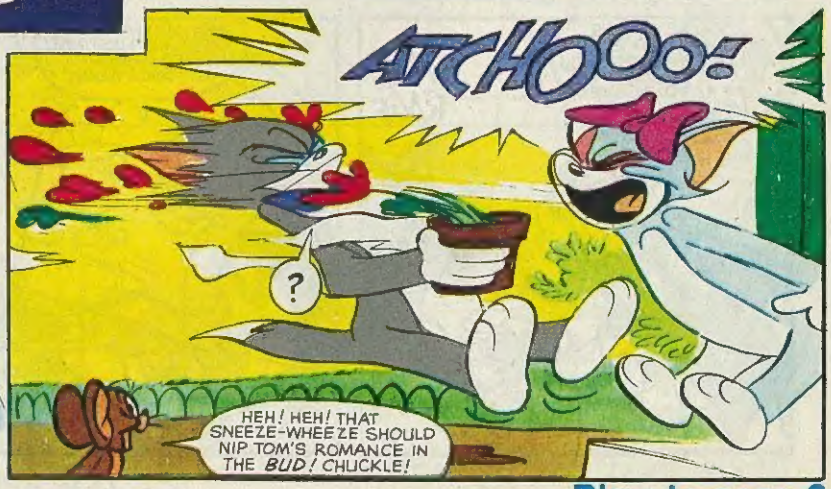
7p

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

Every Monday | Week ending 30th November, 1974 | Number 1198


## TOM and JERRY



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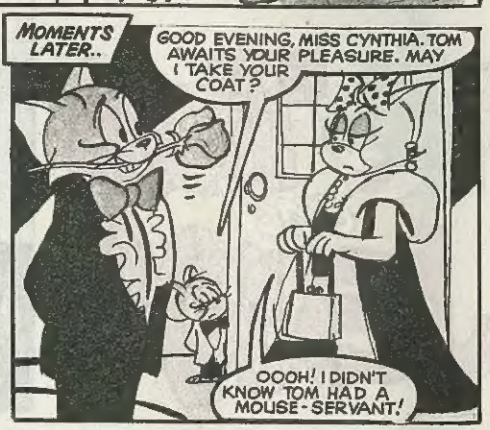
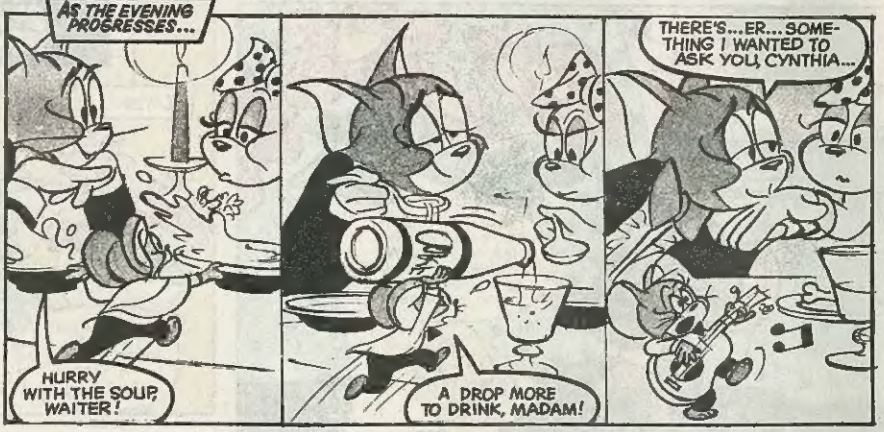
Blow to page 2

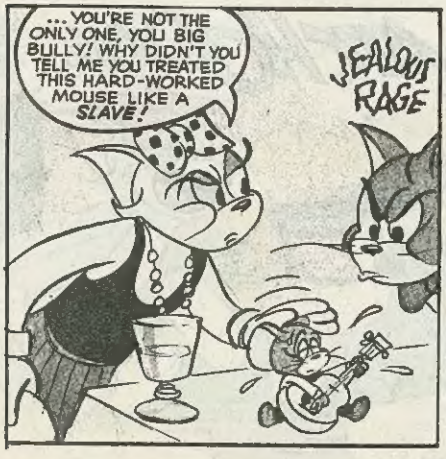
SLAM
IF YOU THINK THAT WAS FUNNY, THIS SHOULD SOON WIPE THE SMILE OFF YOUR FACE, YOU HORRIBLE THING!
YA-HA, TATTY CAT! YOU CAN THANK ME FOR THAT TRICK!
SLAM
THAT'LL MAKE HIM CHASE ME AGAIN!
BURBLE!

JERRY IS WRONG!
HOWWWL! SHE'S GONE! I'VE LOST HER!
G-GULP! I D-DIDN'T THINK IT WAS THAT SERIOUS. D-DON'T CRY, TOM - I KNOW HOW TO MAKE IT UP TO YOU, OL' PAL!

NEXT DAY...
I'VE ANOTHER CHANCE. CYNTHIA'S AGREED TO COME TO A CANDLELIGHT DINNER, JERRY.
I'LL WAIT ON YOU HAND AND FOOT, TOM. IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO!


MOMENTS LATER..
GOOD EVENING, MISS CYNTHIA. TOM AWAITS YOUR PLEASURE. MAY I TAKE YOUR COAT?
OOOH! I DIDN'T KNOW TOM HAD A MOUSE-SERVANT!

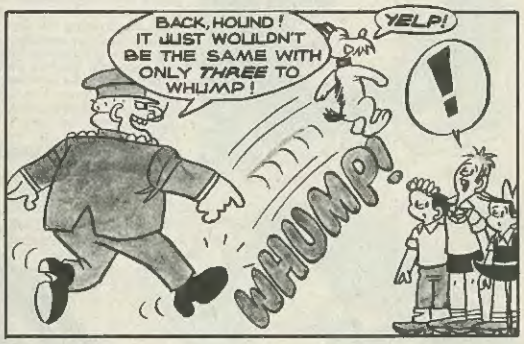

AS THE EVENING PROGRESSES...
HURRY WITH THE SOUP, WAITER!
A DROP MORE TO DRINK, MADAM!
THERE'S... ER... SOMETHING I WANTED TO ASK YOU, CYNTHIA...

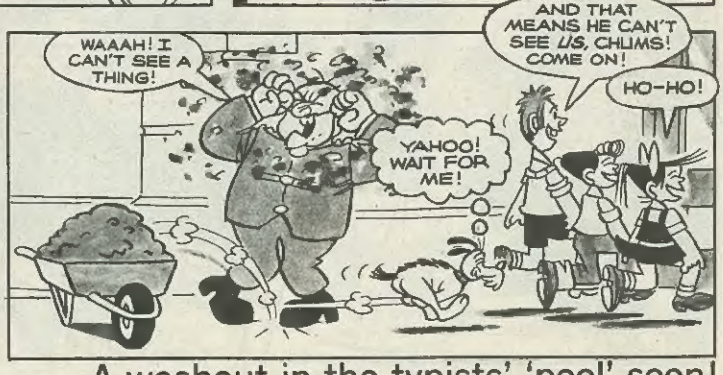


GRRRR! C'MERE, RODENT!
HEH! HEH! THINGS HAVE WORKED OUT WELL, AFTER ALL. I'M GLAD TO SAY THERE'S NO LOVE LOST BETWEEN TOM AND ME! CHUCKLE!

A draught laugh with a window soon!

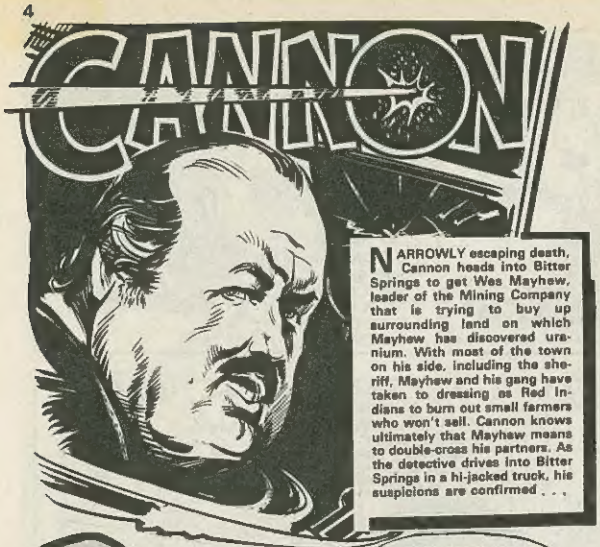
# TV Terrors





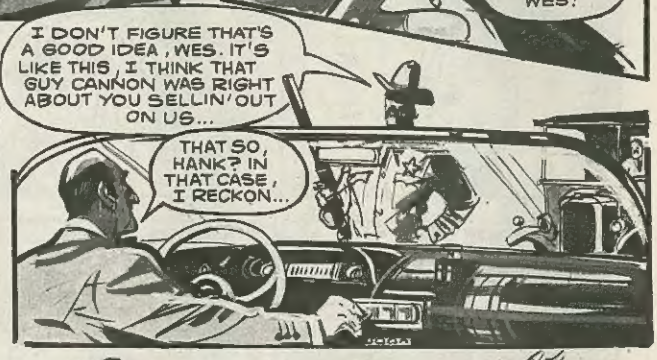

A washout in the typists' 'pool' soon!

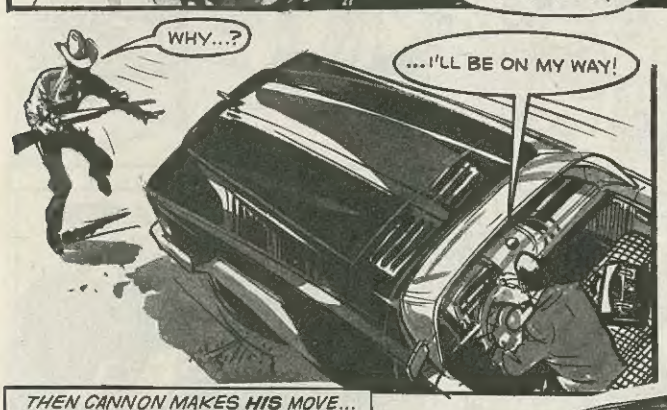
# CANNON



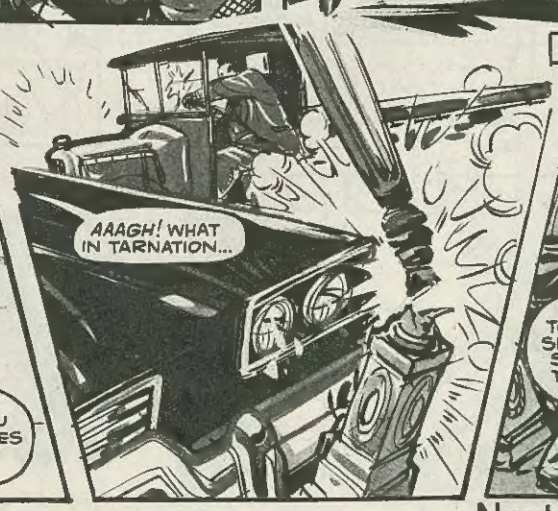
NARROWLY escaping death, Cannon heads into Bitter Springs to get Wes Mayhew, leader of the Mining Company that is trying to buy up surrounding land on which Mayhew has discovered uranium. With most of the town on his side, including the sheriff, Mayhew and his gang have taken to dressing as Red Indians to burn out small farmers who won't sell. Cannon knows ultimately that Mayhew means to double-cross his partners. As the detective drives into Bitter Springs in a hi-jacked truck, his suspicions are confirmed . . .

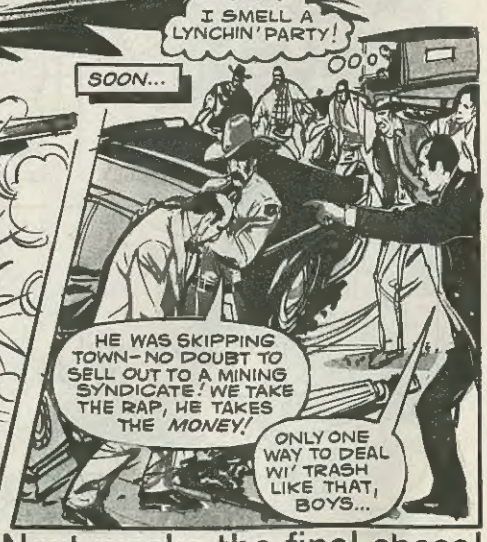
NOW WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO SO BRIGHT AN' EARLY IN THE MORNING, WES?
IT'S THE SHERIFF!
GOT ME SOME BUSINESS TO DO IN SMITHSTOWN, HANK! BE BACK AFORE SUNDOWN!


I DON'T FIGURE THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, WES. IT'S LIKE THIS, I THINK THAT GUY CANNON WAS RIGHT ABOUT YOU SELLIN' OUT ON US...
THAT SO, HANK? IN THAT CASE, I RECKON...



THEN CANNON MAKES HIS MOVE...
PROBABLY AREN'T DOING MYSELF ANY FAVOURS—BUT HE HAS TO BE STOPPED!
SO LONG, SHERIFF! YOU WON'T SEE WES MAYHEW AGAIN...





I SMELL A LYNCHIN' PARTY!
SOON...
HE WAS SKIPPING TOWN—NO DOUBT TO SELL OUT TO A MINING SYNDICATE! WE TAKE THE RAP, HE TAKES THE MONEY!
ONLY ONE WAY TO DEAL WI' TRASH LIKE THAT, BOYS...

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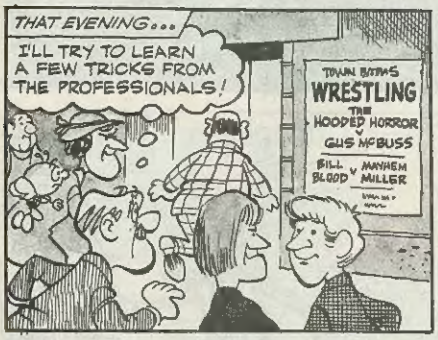
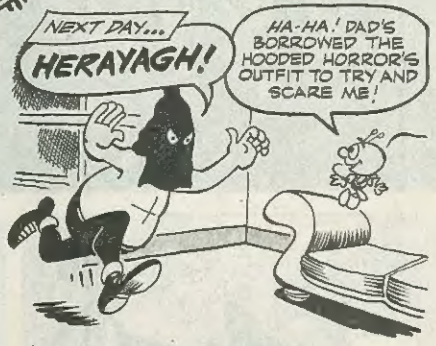
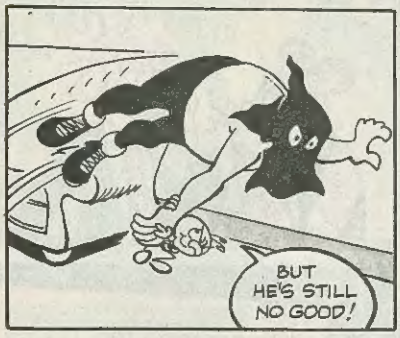
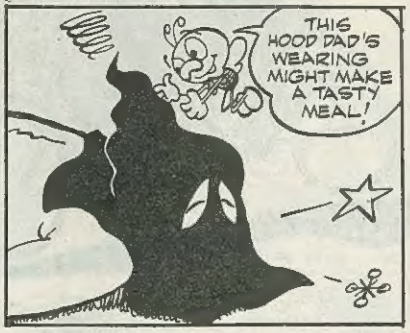
Next week: the final chase!

# MIGHTY MOTH







Dad gets in a flap with Mighty again soon!

BARNEY BEAR
LOOK OUT, MOOSE!
VROOM
I AM !
HUH! THE WAY SOME MOTORISTS DRIVE! THEY JUST IGNORE US CYCLISTS!
OUR BIKES ARE BROKEN!
NEXT DAY...
I HAVE A SUPER IDEA! LET'S GO HALF EACH AND BUY A TANDEM!
SO...
ISN'T IT SMASHING?
SUPER! I BAGS I RIDE IN FRONT.
IT'S NOT FAIR! I PAID HALF AND I HAVE TO BE AT THE BACK!
SHALL WE GO TO THE SPORTS CLUB ON OUR TANDEM TONIGHT?
OKAY. THE TROUBLE IS WE HAVE TO RIDE ALONG THAT DARK ROAD.
PITY WE CAN'T FIX BIG HEADLIGHTS TO THE TANDEM.
HEY! I'VE JUST HAD AN IDEA!
BUT IF YOU AGREE, IT'LL MEAN I'LL HAVE TO RIDE IN FRONT.
WHAT'S THE IDEA?
THAT EVENING...
THE CARS ARE GIVING US PLENTY OF ROOM, MOOSE!
WE MUST LOOK LIKE A JUGGERNAUT LORRY COMING ALONG!
BW

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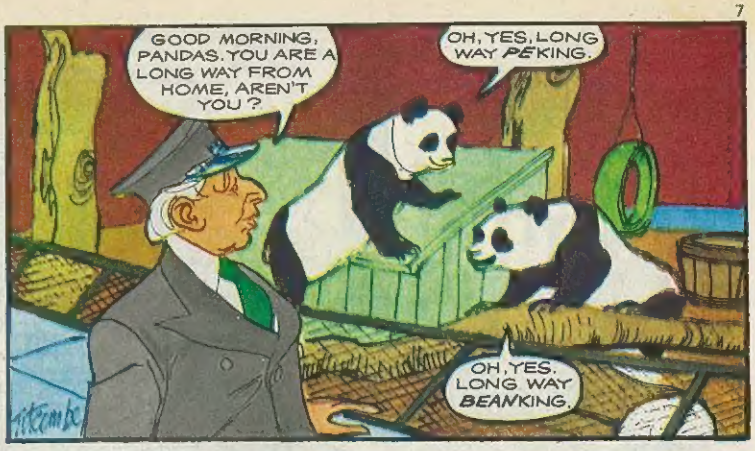
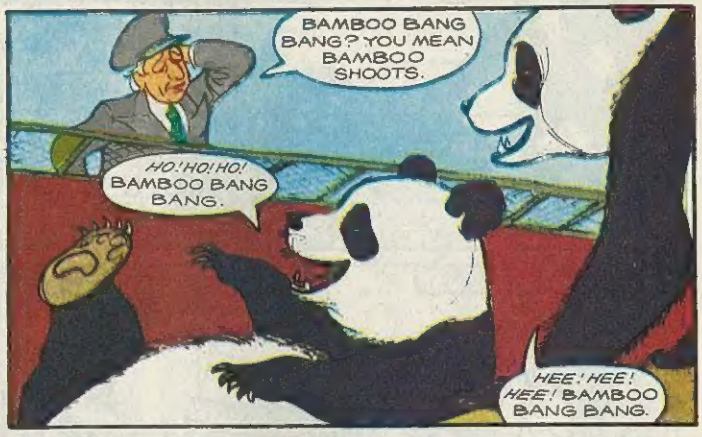
**Barney's 'bats' on table tennis soon!**

# JOHNNY MORRIS'S ANIMAL MAGIC

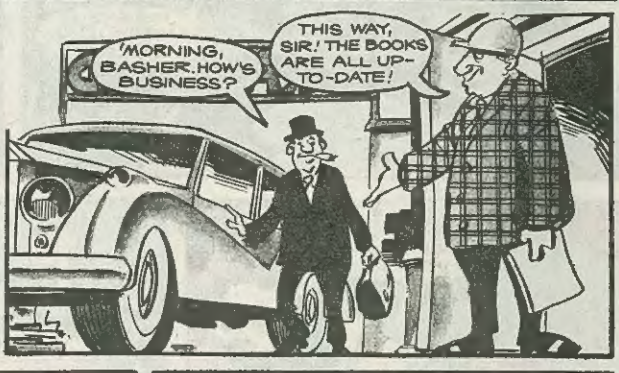


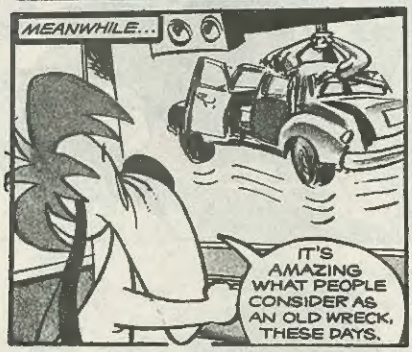


**Bonfire bother with Johnny next week!**

# DROOPY

DROOPY SEARCHES FOR A NEW JOB...
BREAKERS YARD
SCRAP METAL
HELP WANTED
IF THEY PAY YOU TO BREAK THINGS, THEN THAT'S THE JOB FOR ME!



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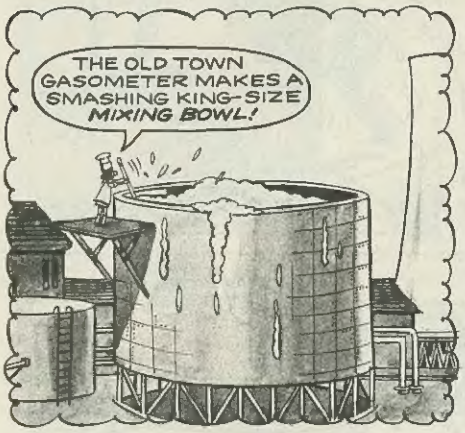
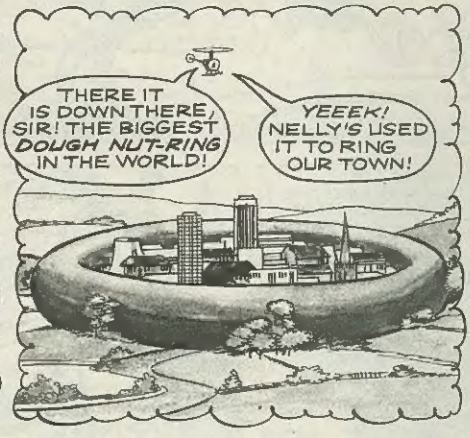
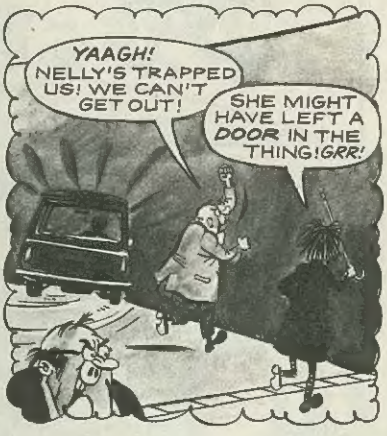
Drop in on Droopy again next week!

# Nelly AND HER Telly

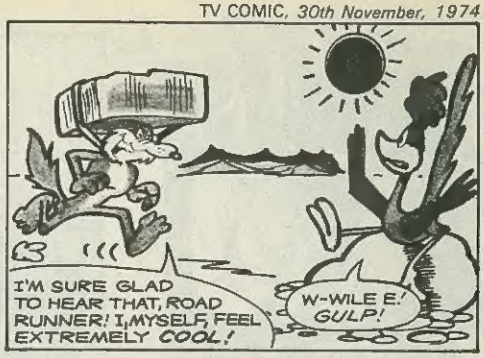


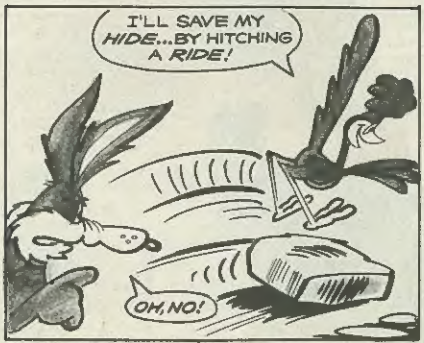


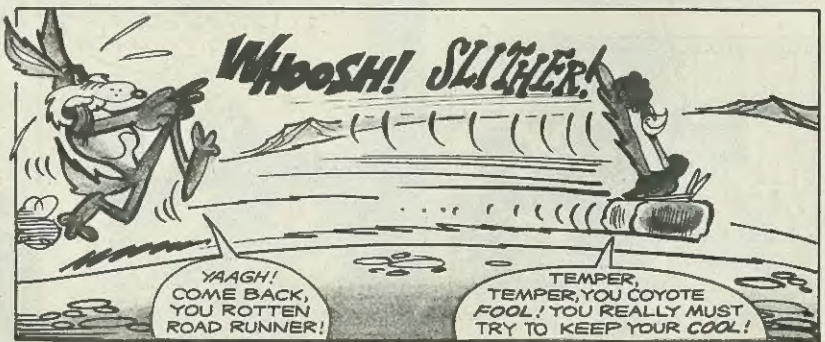



DON'T GIVE NELLY ANYTHING BIG, MUM! SHE'LL HAVE TO LOSE SOME WEIGHT OR I'LL NEVER GET MY TYRE BACK! GRR!
BAH! FROM NOW ON I'LL LEAVE THE COOKING TO MUM! I'M ER... TYRED OF IT!

# BEEP BEEP The Road Runner







WHOOSH! SLITHER!
YAAGH! COME BACK, YOU ROTTEN ROAD RUNNER!
TEMPER, TEMPER, YOU COYOTE FOOL! YOU REALLY MUST TRY TO KEEP YOUR COOL!

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Road Runner road-works next week!

# Readers' Page

£1 for every item published on this page. Plus £2 for the special Star Letter of the week. Send your entry to: TV Comic, Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

## Dear Editor

This is a picture of me and my small sister. I am nine years old. My name is Sheridan Phillips. My favourite features in TV Comic are TV Terrors and Popeye.

**Sheridan Phillips, Northampton.**

*Quite a family you're holding there, Sheridan*

## Dear Editor

My name is Bryan Shapcott and I am ten years old this week. In October I am leaving Wales for the first time to spend three days in London with my father and brother who will be playing in the National Brass Band championships at the Royal Albert Hall. I hope they will bring me to see Polly Perkins House where you Publish TV Comic. My favourites are Tom and Jerry and Droopy. Best wishes to all readers.

**Bryan Shapcott, Pembroke Dock, South Wales.**

*Sorry, I couldn't put this in an earlier issue, Bryan. I hope you have a great day. I say have rather than had, because at the time of this reply we haven't as yet gone to press and September is still with us. Very complicated, isn't it?*

## STAR LETTER

**I have made up a few poems for Readers' Page.**

**MAGIC**

I think it's very odd indeed
That caterpillars change,
To lovely moths and butterflies
It's really very strange.
It's most peculiar too, I think,
That tadpoles one by one
Change into little jumping frogs,
I wonder how it's done!
It shows without a single doubt
That magic must still be about!

**LAND OF COUNTERPANE**

When I was sick and lay in bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay,
To keep me happy all the day
And sometimes for an hour or so,
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed clothes, through the hills,
And sometimes sent my ships in fleets,
All up and down among the sheets,
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about
I was the giant great and still,
That sits upon the pillow hills
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

**Josephine Pichering, Nottingham.**

*I'm not a world expert on poetry, but I do enjoy both reading and scribbling, myself. Saying this, I would like to send my sincere congratulations to what I consider a real talent. To prove my point I'm publishing both and making your contribution the Star Letter. Well done, Josephine.*

## Dear Editor

My name is Graham Burgess. This is a photograph of me and my brother up in the hills in Yorkshire. My hobby is fishing. In the TV Comic my favourite characters are Tom and Jerry and Popeye.

**Graham Burgess, Croydon.**

*Fishing happens to be Tom's favourite sport, too, Graham. Especially when there's a certain wriggly rodent on the other end of his line.*

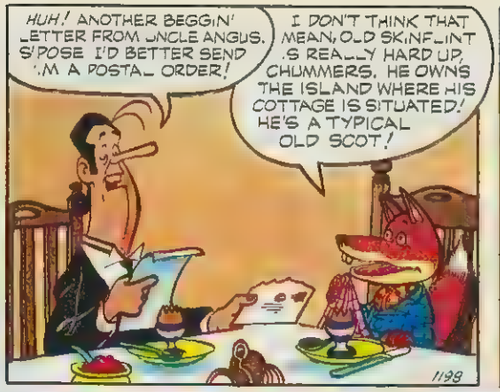
MY name is Sandra Spencer. I am ten years old. I have two sisters. One is called Sally and one is called Linda. We all like reading TV Comic. My favourite characters are Tom and Jerry and Pink Panther. Tom is like our own cat Fluff. Here is a picture of me and Linda, who is five

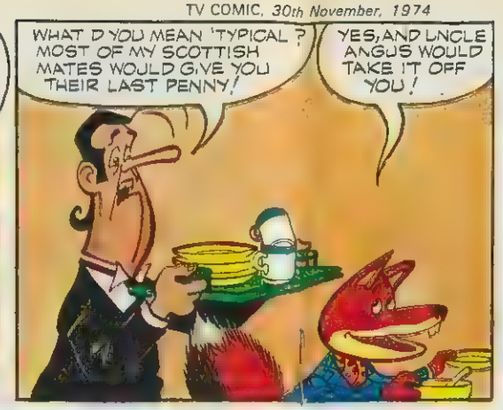
**Sandra Spencer, Warlingham, Surrey.**

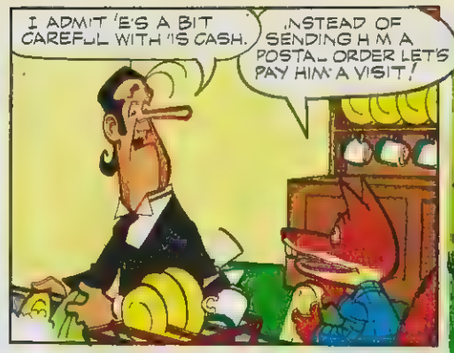
*We like to think TV COMIC is the family comic, Sandra.*

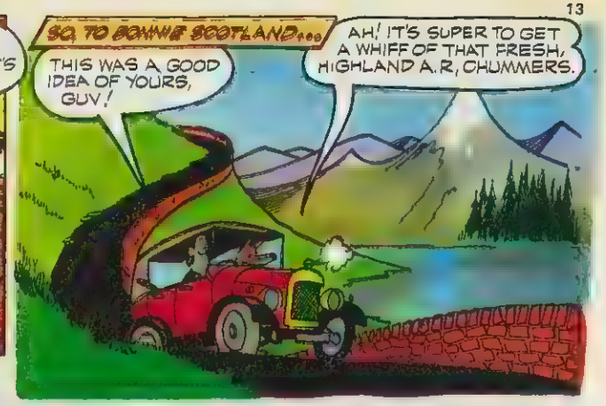
TV COMIC'S POPEYE Winter Special
ON SALE NOW! PRICE 15p
* Cartoons
* Crosswords
* Features
* A super colour game to play
* Plus lots of laughs from cover to cover!

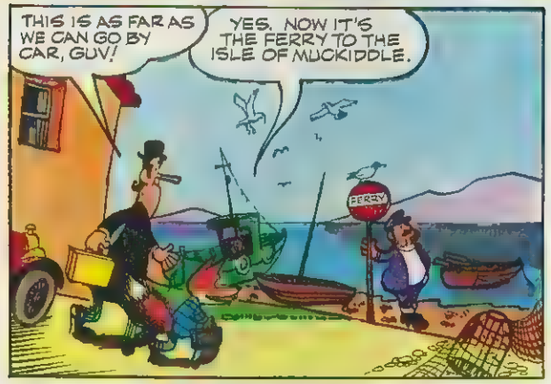
# BASIL BRUSH

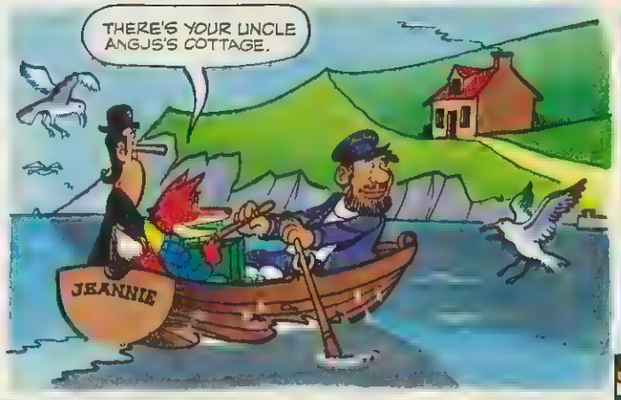

HUH! ANOTHER BEGGIN' LETTER FROM UNCLE ANGUS. S'POSE I'D BETTER SEND 'IM A POSTAL ORDER!
I DON'T THINK THAT MEAN, OLD SKINFLINT IS REALLY HARD UP, CHUMMERS. HE OWNS THE ISLAND WHERE HIS COTTAGE IS SITUATED! HE'S A TYPICAL OLD SCOT!
1198

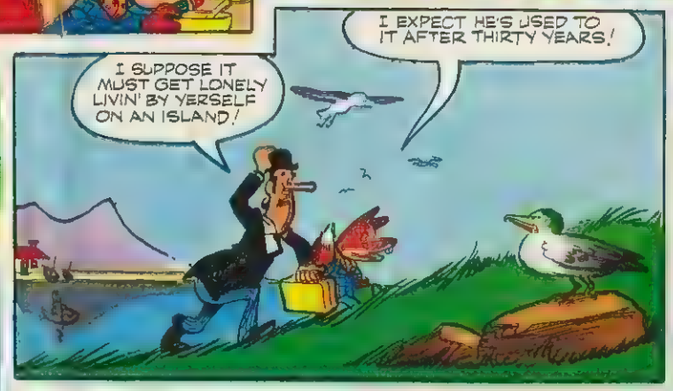


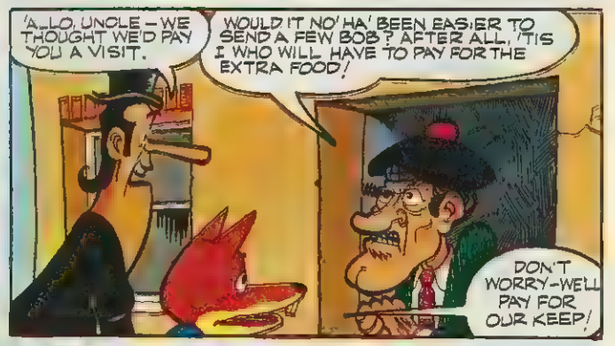





'ALLO, UNCLE – WE THOUGHT WE'D PAY YOU A VISIT.
WOULD'IT NO' HA' BEEN EASIER TO SEND A FEW BOB? AFTER ALL, 'TIS I WHO WILL HAVE TO PAY FOR THE EXTRA FOOD!
DON'T WORRY – WE'LL PAY FOR OUR KEEP!





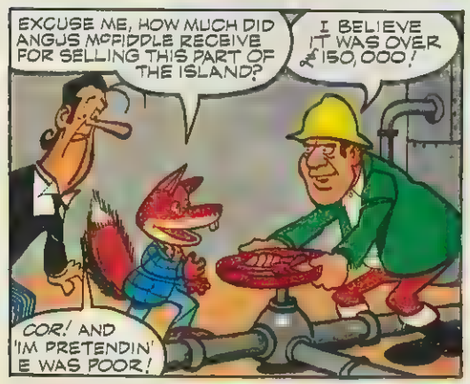


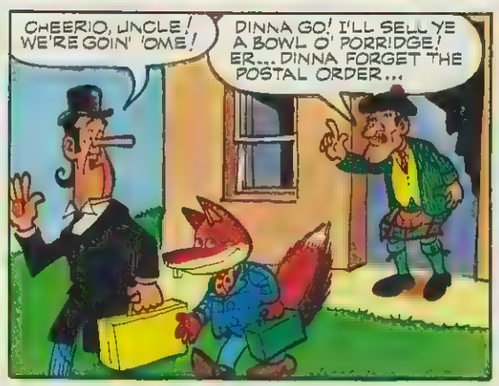


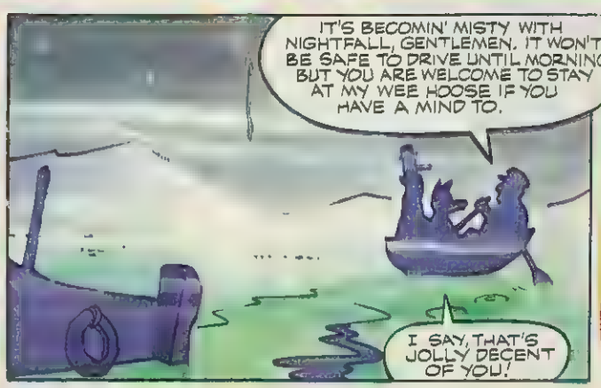


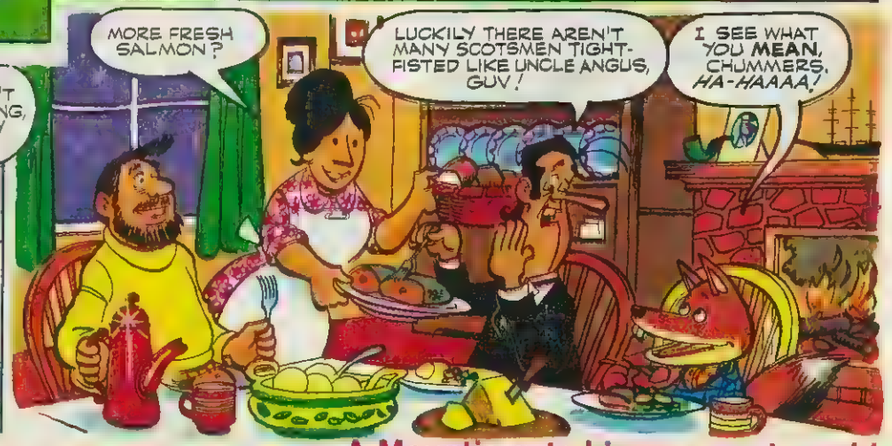






EXCUSE ME, HOW MUCH DID ANGUS MCFIDDLE RECEIVE FOR SELLING THIS PART OF THE ISLAND?
I BELIEVE IT WAS OVER £150,000!
COR! AND 'IM PRETENDIN' E WAS POOR!





IT'S BECOMIN' MISTY WITH NIGHTFALL, GENTLEMEN. IT WON'T BE SAFE TO DRIVE UNTIL MORNING, BUT YOU ARE WELCOME TO STAY AT MY WEE HOOSE IF YOU HAVE A MIND TO.
I SAY, THAT'S JOLLY DECENT OF YOU!


MORE FRESH SALMON?
LUCKILY THERE AREN'T MANY SCOTSMEN TIGHT-FISTED LIKE UNCLE ANGUS, GUV!
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, CHUMMERS, HA-HAAAA!

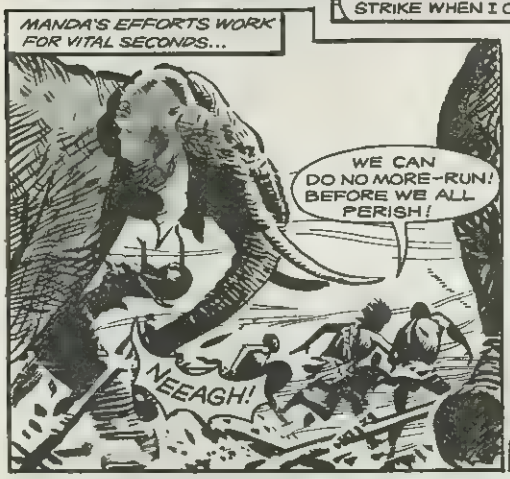
A Mountie gets his man next week!

# TARZAN

TARZAN leads Chief Manda's Banzali tribe to higher ground, after their own territory is devastated by floods. But as a windstorm grows, so another menace threatens the native refugees . . .

AIEE! THE STRONG ONES ARE POSSESSED! THEY SEEK TO ATTACK US WITHOUT REASON!
THE JUNGLE LORD HAS BETRAYED US! HE SAID THIS WAS A PLACE OF SAFETY!
1198

MANDA ORGANIZES A DESPERATE REAR-GUARD...
WE MUST HOLD THEM LONG ENOUGH FOR OUR PEOPLE TO GET CLEAR, O WARRIORS! STRIKE WHEN I COMMAND YOU!
NOW...!



EVENTUALLY, AS THE STORM DIES AGAIN...
IT IS THE WORK OF THE SPIRITS, MANDA. THE STRONG ONES' ANGER CAME AND WENT WITH THE WIND!
THERE IS LITTLE WE CAN DO AGAINST THEIR POWER...
AFTER AN IMMENSE EFFORT...

BUT TRAVELLING BY RAFT, BOY AND TARZAN HAVE BECOME VICTIMS OF THE VIOLENTLY LASHED WATERS...
UHH! I MUST REACH THE BANK, OR THE FALLS WILL CRUSH US BOTH!

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Next week: a race against time!

BANK NOTICE BOARD

DAD'S ARMY

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COULDN'T WE WAIT UNTIL THE WEATHER IMPROVES?

WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF URGENCY, WILSON?

WHAT'S ALL THIS JUNK FOR, MR FRAZER?

BUTCHER

WE'RE GOING TO PLAY ENGINEERS, LADDIE!

IF THE BRIDGE TO STONEHAM IS DOWN, IT'S *OUR* JOB TO REPAIR VITAL COMMUNICATIONS!

JONES BUTCHER

AHEM... IT APPEARS WE HAVE COMPETITION, SIR! LOOK!

SECONDS LATER

WHAT THE DEVIL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE UP TO, HODGES?

I'M TRYING TO GET MY BIKE OVER THE RIVER, NOSY PARKER, WHAT'S IT TO DO WITH YOU?

AND SO...

AS MILITARY COMMANDER OF THIS AREA, I'M ORDERING YOU TO STAND ASIDE!

DON'T YELL AT ME, NAPOLEON! GO AND CHASE YOURSELF!

A RACE TO THE OTHER SIDE BEGINS...

A.. ER... *MANY* HANDS MAKE *LIGHT* WORK, SIR!

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, WILSON! SOMEONE HAS TO WORK OUT THE STRESSES OF OUR PONTOON!

SOMEONE HAS WORKED OUT HOW TO KEEP WARM AS WELL!

EVENTUALLY...

WHY NOT GIVE UP, HODGES?

BAH! YOU AIN'T GOT IT OVER THE RIVER YET, NAPOLEON!

RIGHT, CORPORAL JONES, JUST A GENTLE *PUSH* INTO POSITION!

JONES BUTCHER

HERE WE GO, SIR! OOPS! ME FOOTS SLIPPED!

LOOK OUT, YOU OLD FOOL!

BASH

DON'T PANIC, MR MAINWARING, SIR! ERK!

AND...

SPLOSH

THEN...

IGNORE HIM, MEN! THE MAN'S A FOOL!

HAW! HAW! BLIMEY! WHAT A SPECTACLE!

NOT SUCH A FOOL AS YOU THINK, MAINWARING! GRAB THOSE PLANKS, LADS!

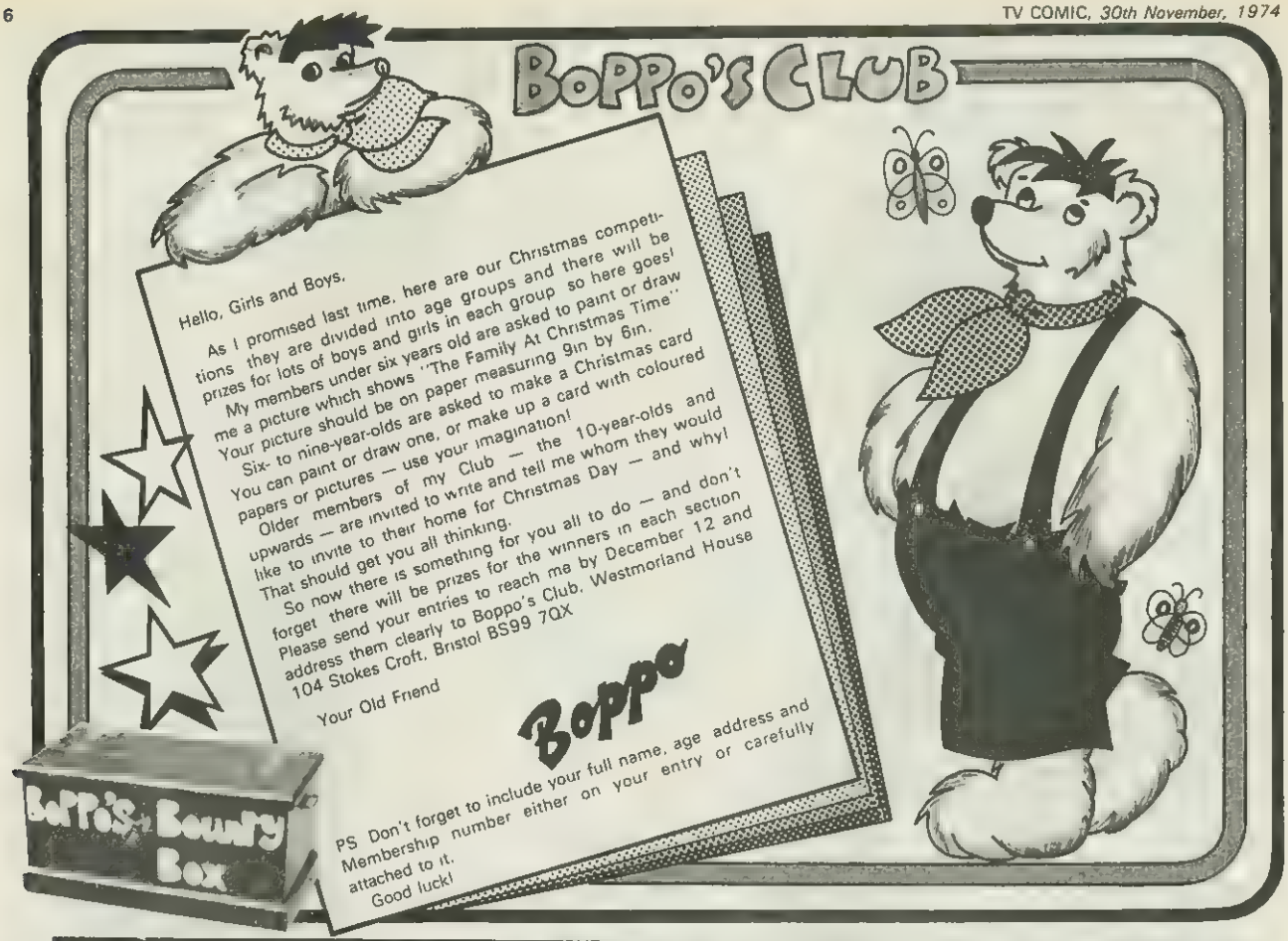
ER PERHAPS WE *SHOULDN'T HAVE CROSSED OUR BRIDGES BEFORE WE HAD COME TO THEM*, SIR?

THANKS FOR YOUR 'ELP, NAPOLEON!

PAH!

Mainwaring meets a real 'boar' next week!

# BOPPO'S CLUB



Hello, Girls and Boys,

As I promised last time, here are our Christmas competitions — they are divided into age groups and there will be prizes for lots of boys and girls in each group so here goes!

My members under six years old are asked to paint or draw me a picture which shows "The Family At Christmas Time."

Your picture should be on paper measuring 9in by 6in.

Six- to nine-year-olds are asked to make a Christmas card. You can paint or draw one, or make up a card with coloured papers or pictures — use your imagination!

Older members of my Club — the 10-year-olds and upwards — are invited to write and tell me whom they would like to invite to their home for Christmas Day — and why!

That should get you all thinking.

So now there is something for you all to do — and don't forget there will be prizes for the winners in each section.

Please send your entries to reach me by December 12 and address them clearly to Boppo's Club, Westmorland House 104 Stokes Croft, Bristol BS99 7QX.

Your Old Friend

Boppo

PS Don't forget to include your full name, age address and Membership number either on your entry or carefully attached to it.

Good luck!

Boppo's Bounty Box


NEW

HOT ROCKER MATCHBOX 67

TRY CATCHING UP WITH THIS-YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST. WATCH HOW THE ENGINE ROARS UP AND DOWN AS THE SPEED INCREASES. IN SMART GREEN WITH A SILVER ENGINE THIS CAR CAN HOLD ITS OWN WITH THE FASTEST!

REAL MOVING ENGINE!

"MATCHBOX"®

Rola-matics Look! Real moving action parts!

REAL MOVING COMMANDER!

STOAT MATCHBOX 28

JUST BEFORE DAWN OUR STOAT SCOUT CAR IS ON A 'RECCE' BEHIND ENEMY LINES. SEE HOW THE COMMANDER TURNS ROUND AND ROUND SPYING THE LAND WITH HIS FIELD GLASSES.

REAL MOVING LION!

WILD LIFE TRUCK MATCHBOX 57

THIS RANGER WILD LIFE TRUCK IS USED ON THE BIG GAME RESERVES IN AFRICA. AS THE TRUCK IS DRIVEN ALONG THE LION PROWLS ROUND IN THE CAGE.

PLUS 5 MORE SUPER MODELS TO COLLECT

CLIPPER MATCHBOX 39 TURBO FURY MATCHBOX 69

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PISTON POPPER MATCHBOX 10

24p*

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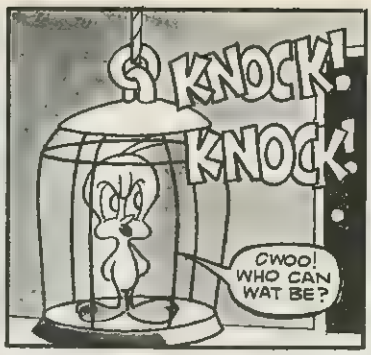
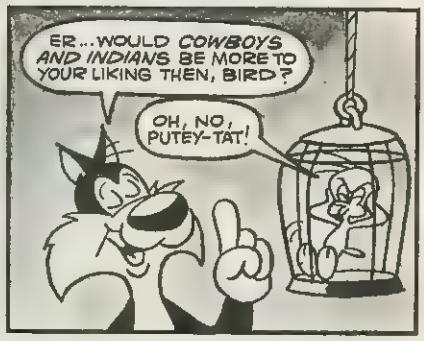
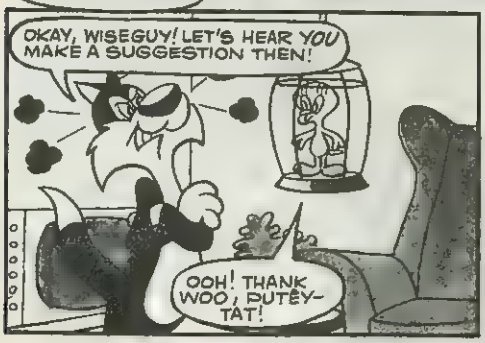
# The BUGS BUNNY Show

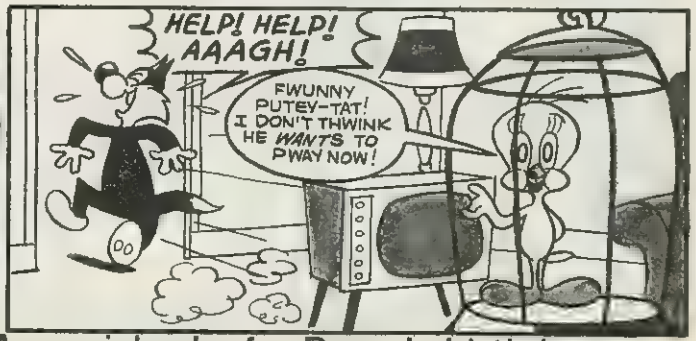
☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

'FUN AND GAMES'







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A special cake for Bugsy's birthday soon!

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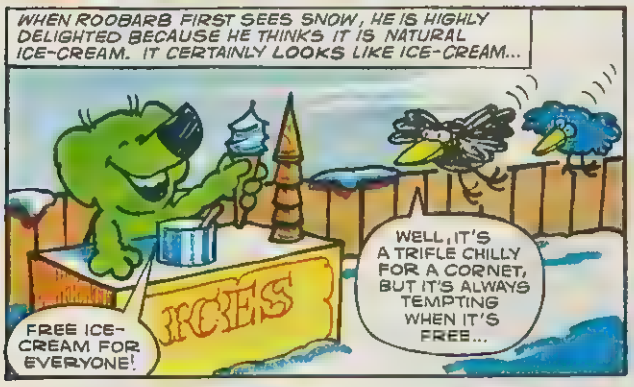
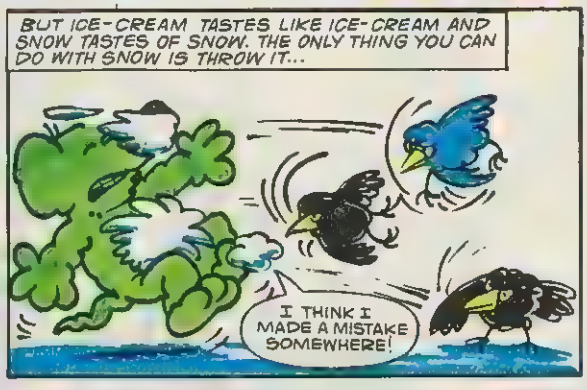
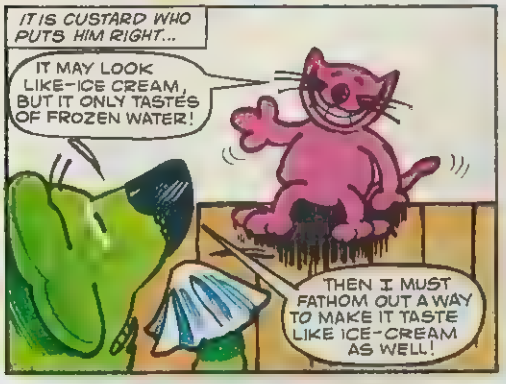
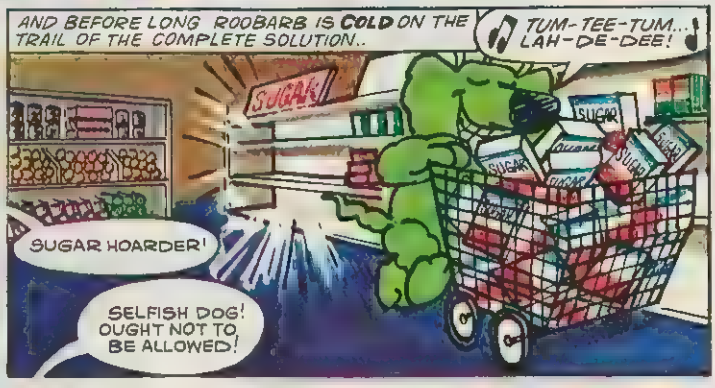
Set sail for more laughs next week!

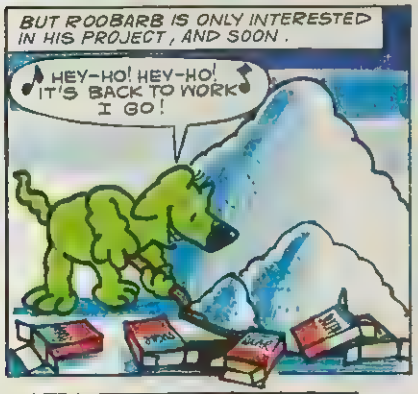
# THE WORLD'S FUNNIEST DOG-and CUSTARD the CAT Roobarb

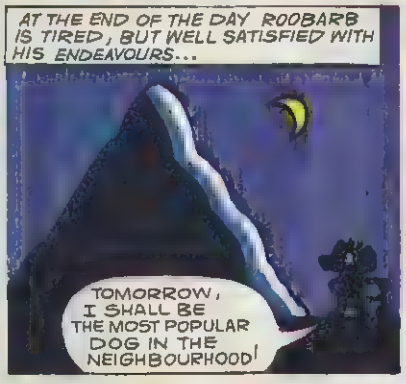

WHEN ROOBARB FIRST SEES SNOW, HE IS HIGHLY DELIGHTED BECAUSE HE THINKS IT IS NATURAL ICE-CREAM. IT CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE ICE-CREAM...
ICES
FREE ICE-CREAM FOR EVERYONE!
WELL, IT'S A TRIFLE CHILLY FOR A CORNET, BUT IT'S ALWAYS TEMPTING WHEN IT'S FREE...

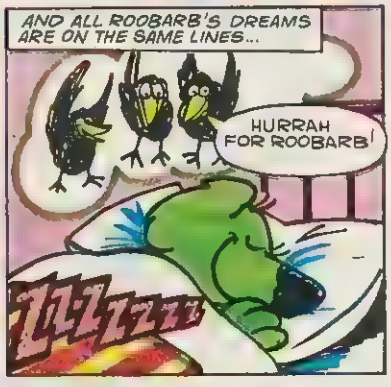

BUT ICE-CREAM TASTES LIKE ICE-CREAM AND SNOW TASTES OF SNOW. THE ONLY THING YOU CAN DO WITH SNOW IS THROW IT...
I THINK I MADE A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE!

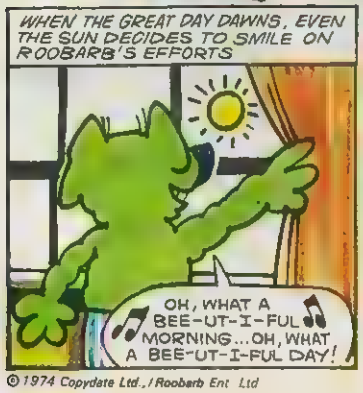

IT IS CUSTARD WHO PUTS HIM RIGHT...
IT MAY LOOK LIKE ICE CREAM, BUT IT ONLY TASTES OF FROZEN WATER!
THEN I MUST FATHOM OUT A WAY TO MAKE IT TASTE LIKE ICE-CREAM AS WELL!

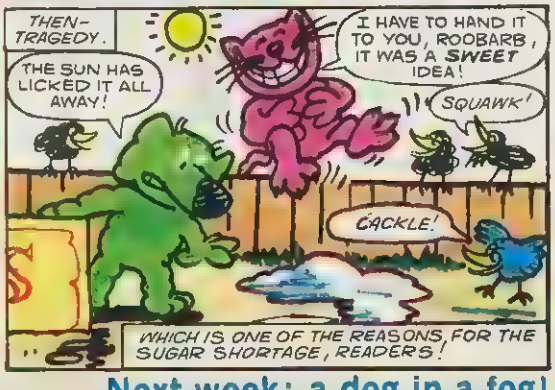

AND BEFORE LONG ROOBARB IS COLD ON THE TRAIL OF THE COMPLETE SOLUTION..
TUM-TEE-TUM... LAH-DE-DEE!
SUGAR
SUGAR HOARDER!
SELFISH DOG! OUGHT NOT TO BE ALLOWED!





AT THE END OF THE DAY ROOBARB IS TIRED, BUT WELL SATISFIED WITH HIS ENDEAVOURS...
TOMORROW, I SHALL BE THE MOST POPULAR DOG IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD!





WHEN THE GREAT DAY DAWNS, EVEN THE SUN DECIDES TO SMILE ON ROOBARB'S EFFORTS
OH, WHAT A BEE-UT-I-FUL MORNING...OH, WHAT A BEE-UT-I-FUL DAY!


THEN-TRAGEDY.
THE SUN HAS LICKED IT ALL AWAY!
I HAVE TO HAND IT TO YOU, ROOBARB, IT WAS A SWEET IDEA!
SQUAWK!
CACKLE!
WHICH IS ONE OF THE REASONS, FOR THE SUGAR SHORTAGE, READERS!

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Next week: a dog in a fog!

# TV COMIC annual 1975 NOW ON SALE!

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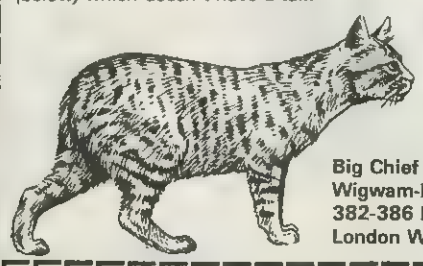
# I-SPY 14

Cut along border

## SEE YOU AT THE CAT SHOW . . .

OLYMPIA, in London, becomes a cat-lover's paradise on Saturday, November 30. It's the National Cat Club Show, and people will be coming from all over the world to look at, admire and even buy the thousands of beautiful cats. I'll be there too — look out for my stand! You'll see lots of Persian cats *(top)* and learn how to groom your kitten *(centre)* and if you look hard you'll see a manx cat *(below)* which doesn't have a tail.



**Big Chief I-SPY Wigwam-by-the-Green 382-386 Edgware Road London W2 1EP.**

## Here are the 100 prize-winners of our recent TOM AND JERRY COMPETITION

**'50 first-prize winners**

JANE BEBBINGTON, Bristol. SARAH CHAPMAN, Northwood Middx EMMA JANE COOPER, Hoddesdon, Herts. CAROL OSBORNE, Laceby, Sth. Humberside BRIDGET McGROUTHER, Falkirk, Stirlingshire DANIELLE HULL, Molesey, Surrey NICOLA SCOTT, Kayworth, Nottingham DENISE TANTON, Barnstaple, N. Devon. KIM CASTLE, Rayleigh, Essex JACKIE GREEN, Romford, Essex JANICE PEVELMAN, Portsmouth, Hants SUSAN GAYE, Hounslow, Middx MOIRA BLANCHE Mansfield, Notts. JUDITH GARDINER Selkirk SARAH YOUNG, Wivenhoe Essex SARAH CASEY, Harrow Weald, Middx PAMELA TAYLOR, North Cheam, Surrey. GILLIAN THOMAS, Nottingham ROSALIND HIRD Metheringham, Lincoln. JUDITH ANNE STANSFIELD, Southport, Merseyside SUZANNE RIDOUT, Exminster, Devon PENNY SPENCER, Worplesdon, Surrey DEBOROUGH GROOMBRIDGE, Grays, Essex YVONNE WRIGHT, Whitestake Nr Preston, Lancs CAROL WAITE Carlisle Cumbria

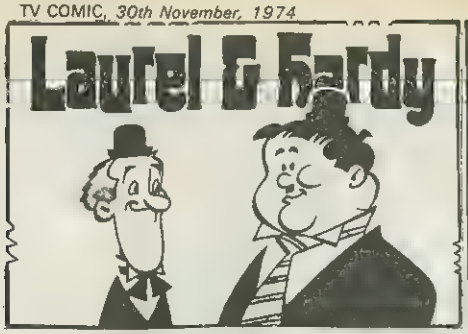
MARK ETCHELLS, Stockport Lancs CHRISTOPHER ELLIS Bolton, Lancs MARK ADAMS, Crowborough, Sussex, GARY WHITCOMBE Rochester Kent REGGIE WILLIAMS Waterlooville Hants DARREN FRALICK, Brookhouse, Lancaster. PAUL SYMONDS London, N2 ROBERT DAVID FRUSHER Wisbech, Cambs PETER BAKER Southery Norfolk PETER HARRIS, Kingswood Bristol JOHN CRITCHLEY, Norwich, Norfolk ERIK DUUS Northwood, Middx MARK WOODING, Flitwick, Bedford SIMON CALLAGHAN, Hassocks, Sussex JOHN MATTHEWS Bath, Avon STEPHEN WELCH, Southampton Hants STEPHEN O'MAHONY, Newport Pagnell Bucks PAUL HARVEY, Gravesend, Kent JEREMY THOMAS, Halesworth, Suffolk GRAEME PARSONS, Nantwich Cheshire NICHOLAS COLEMAN, Cadeby, Leicester KENNETH DONOVAN Lewisham, London STEVEN BIBBY, St Annes on Sea, Lancs WILLIAM DIXON, Sedbergh, Cumbria IAIN BYRNE Ashford Kent

**'50 runners-up**

CHRISTOPHER STUART LYONS, Farnborough, Hants. TIMOTHY BRINKLER, Scarborough Yorks BARRY J HANKSS, Woodgreen, Essex NORMAN FRENCH AURTHER, Hastings, Sussex PAUL LAVENDER, Dartford, Kent ANDREW J BARBOUR, Bury, Lancs TIMOTHY BEDNALL Codnor, Derbyshire IAN ABRAM, Hope, Nr Wrexham MARK TERRY, Plymouth, Devon STEVEN PAYNE, Gravesend, Kent COLIN DEAKIN Wolverhampton RICHARD PETER BATES Dunstable Beds ASHLEIGH BROWN, High Wycombe. CHRISTOPHER BERRY St Minver Cornwall COLIN DE BLOCK, Lowestoft, Suffolk KEVIN JOHN HURST Cheshunt, Herts. DAVID DEWAR, Maghull, Liverpool ANDREW YOUNG, Dogsthorpe, Northants. STUART BARLEY, Sittingbourne, Kent. NIGEL WATSON Ambergate, Derbys JOHN PHILLIPS, Mid Glam, South Wales TONY ALLBUTT, Redditch, Worcs BRUCE ROBERTS, Woodthorpe, Nottingham DAVID GOODE Rhymney, Gwent. KEVIN SPINK, Garforth, Nr. Leeds

LINDSEY GAYE HEWLETT Whitwick, Leics SUZANNE KEENE, Henley-on-Thames ANGELA BRILEY Tulse Hill London SUZY MERRICK Dewsbury, West Yorks. JENNIE GREVATT Hastings. SUSAN HENDRY, Ipswich, Suffolk TRENA WACHTER, Tiptree, Essex MISS K DUNCOMBE South Humberside DEBRA JANE BENNETT, Acton, London MELANIE BRADLEY Binley, Coventry. HELEN JANE FLYNN, Kempston, Bedford KIM MONDESIR London N16 SHARON CLACK, Hounslow, Middx MARY MILLS, Reading Berks. LESLEY SWITHENBANK, Bramley, Leeds VANDA J CYGANIK, Brighton. PATRICIA HALSALL Graigfechan, Ruthin, N Wales JANETTE DAVIES, Nr Shrewsbury, Salop TINA BETTESWORTH, Camberley Surrey MAXINE ASHLEY WOOD Leeds 17 TRACEY MORRIS Greenbank, Bristol LESLEY EVERETT, Honly Huddersfield DIANE GLENN, Stannington, Sheffield KAREN L MILARVIE, Bramhall Cheshire ANGELA DAGLESS Norwich Norfolk

# Laurel & Hardy



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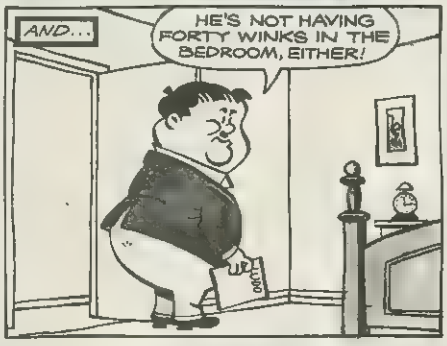


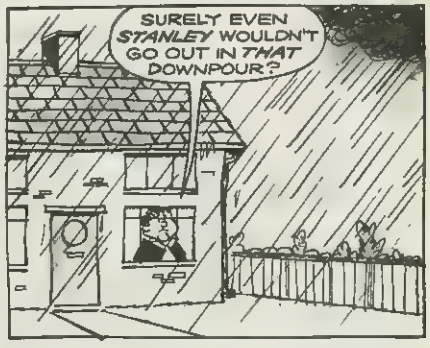

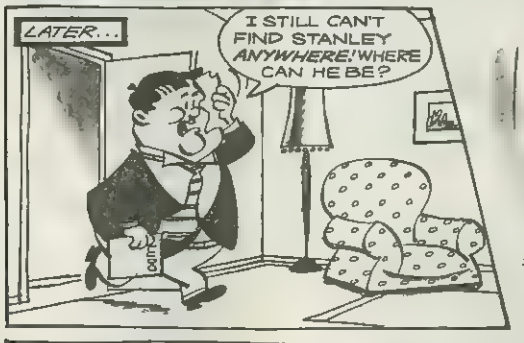

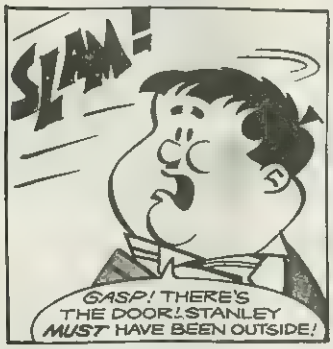

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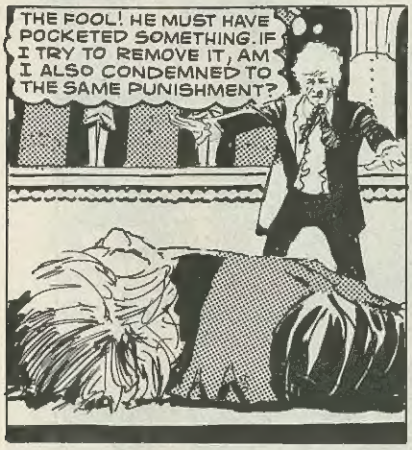
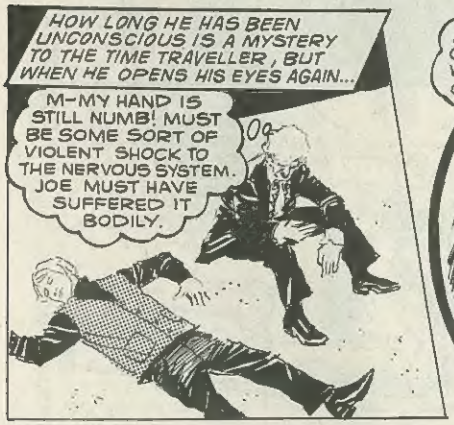
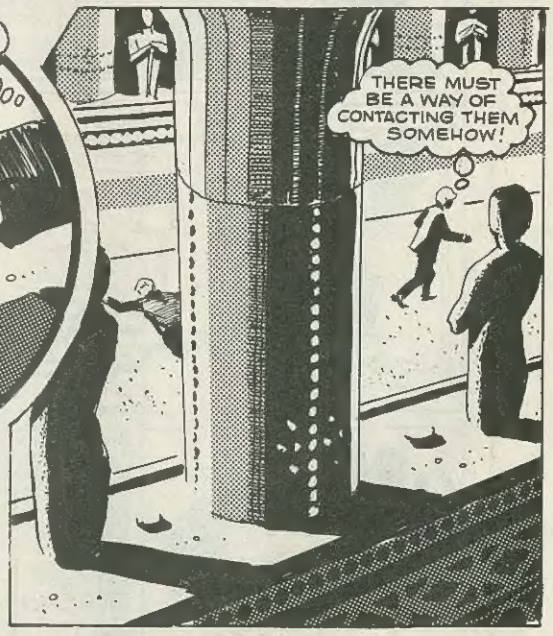
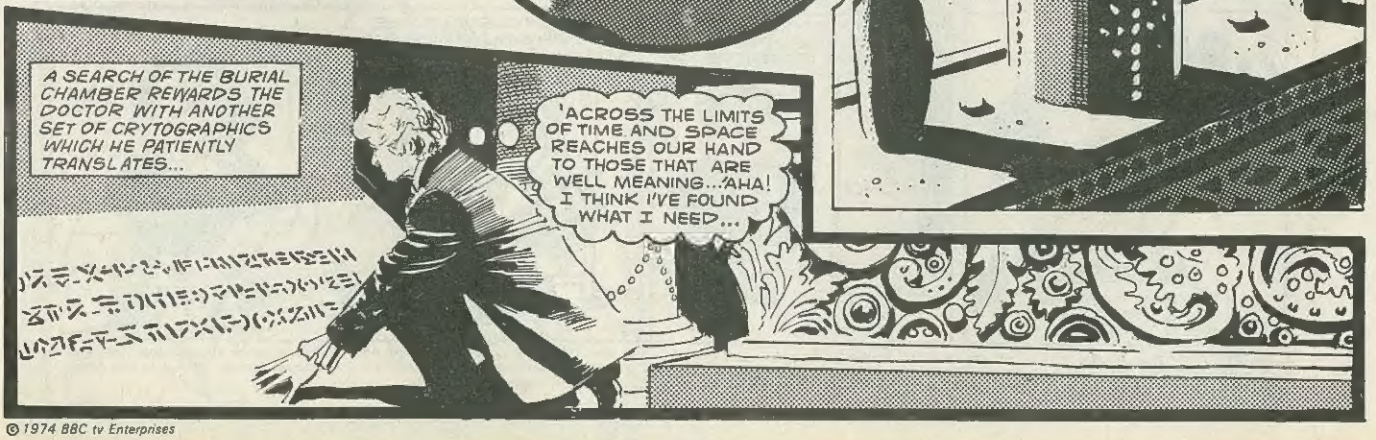
# DR WHO in 'Lords of the Ether!'

WITH C.I.A. agent Harry Godino the Doctor has ventured deep beneath the burial place of 'The Lords of The Ether'. At first the American is over-awed by the sumptuous treasures of the tomb and his companion's explanation of it's deep space origins. But then Harry Godino shows human weakness when he ignores warnings of the tomb, that have been translated by the Doctor, and pockets one magnificent gem stone . . .




HOW LONG HE HAS BEEN UNCONSCIOUS IS A MYSTERY TO THE TIME TRAVELLER, BUT WHEN HE OPENS HIS EYES AGAIN...
M-MY HAND IS STILL NUMB! MUST BE SOME SORT OF VIOLENT SHOCK TO THE NERVOUS SYSTEM. JOE MUST HAVE SUFFERED IT BODILY.





A SEARCH OF THE BURIAL CHAMBER REWARDS THE DOCTOR WITH ANOTHER SET OF CRYTOGRAPHICS WHICH HE PATIENTLY TRANSLATES...
'ACROSS THE LIMITS OF TIME AND SPACE REACHES OUR HAND TO THOSE THAT ARE WELL MEANING...AHA! I THINK I'VE FOUND WHAT I NEED...

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THE DOCTOR EXPERIENCES A STRANGE TINGLING SENSATION IN HIS HANDS, AND SUDDENLY...
WHO SUMMONS THE LORDS OF THE ETHER?
THEY CALL ME THE DOCTOR. I AM ONE OF THE RACE KNOWN AS THE TIME LORDS AND DWELL ON THE LESSER PLANET EARTH.
THE DOCTOR BRIEFLY OUTLINES THE DISCOVERY OF THE TOMB BY THE ACHILLES ASTRONAUTS, AND THE EAGERNESS OF EARTH GOVERNMENTS TO LEARN MORE...
YOU HAVE DONE US A GREAT SERVICE, TIME LORD. REMOVE YOURSELF AND THE EARTHLING FROM THE TOMB AND WE SHALL ACT!
THANK YOU!

INCREDIBLY, WHEN HARRY GODINO RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS...
HOW COME YOU'RE SITTING OUT HERE, SON?
WELL, LAST TIME I REMEMBER ANYTHING I WAS ON...
JEEPERS! IF I TELL HIM I WAS ON THE MOON, HE'LL THINK I'M CRAZY!
WHAT'S MORE, CAN I BE SURE I WAS? WAS IT ALL A DREAM?
YOU WERE SAYING, SON?
ER... I WAS ON... ER... A HORSE!

AND DRIFTING IN SPACE...
POOR HARRY! I DIDN'T LIKE LEAVING HIM THERE, BUT I THINK IT'S BETTER IN THE LONG RUN. I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED ON THE MOON?

THE ANSWER COMES MANY MONTHS LATER WITH THE ARRIVAL OF AN AMERICAN LUNAR EXPLORATION VEHICLE...
THAT WAS A BEAUTIFUL LANDING, HOUSTON. RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!
OKAY, INVESTIGATOR. WE'LL DO A SYSTEMS CHECK AND YOU GUYS CAN REST UP FOR THE BIG DAY!

BUT WHEN NEXT DAY ARRIVES...
ABSOLUTELY NEGATIVE, CONTROL.
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, YOU MUST BE OUT. LOOK FOR THE FOOTMARKS AND THE OLD ACHILLES GEAR!

A new way-out adventure begins with the Doctor next week!

PINK PANTHER
WE MUST BE NEAR THE ISLAND OF WAYFORTH. GO TO THE CROW'S-NEST AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.
AYE, AYE, SIR.
AND REMEMBER, THE ISLAND IS SURROUNDED BY A DANGEROUS REEF SO LET ME KNOW DIRECTLY YOU SEE IT!
YOU CAN RELY ON ME, CAP'N!
I DON'T THINK THE CAP'N REALLY TRUSTS ME, BUT I'LL SHOW HIM HE'S WRONG!
NO LAND IN SIGHT AT THE MOMENT!
OH, GOSH! IT'S BECOMING MISTY!
NOW IT'S THICK FOG! I CAN'T SEE A THING!
MIDSHIPMAN PANTHER! COME DOWN FROM THE CROW'S NEST!
NO FEAR, SIR. I'M STAYING HERE UNTIL I'VE SEEN LAND!
SORRY, SIR. I MUST PROVE I CAN STICK AT A JOB NO MATTER WHAT!
THAT'S AN ORDER!
HOURS LATER...
THE FOG'S CLEARING AT LAST.
LAND AHOY, CAP'N!
I CAN SEE PEOPLE STANDING ON THE BEACH, CAP'N! I'LL TAKE A LOOK THROUGH THE TELESCOPE!
YOU BLITHERING IDIOT!
GULP!
WE SANK DURING THE FOG!

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**P.P. sees stars when he looks into the future soon!**

A RECEPTACLE
PRESENTATION